Numb. 49

The TATLER.

By *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Eſq;

Quicquid agunt Homines noſtri Farrago Libelli.

From *Saturday July* 30. to *Tueſday Auguſt* 2. 1709.

White's Chocolate Houſe, Auguſt 1.

THE Impoſition of honeſt Names and Words upon improper Subjects, has made ſo regular a Confuſion amongſt us, that we are apt to ſit down with our Errors, well enough ſatisfied with the Methods we are fallen into, without attempting to deliver our ſelves from the Tyranny under which we are reduc'd by ſuch Innovations. Of all the laudable Motives of human Life, none has ſuffer'd ſo much in this Kind as Love; under which rever'd Name, a brutal Deſire call'd Luſt is frequently concealed and admitted; tho' they differ as much as a Matron from a Proſtitute, or a Companion from a Buffoon. *Philander* the other Day was bewailing this Misfortune with much Indignation, and upbraided me for having ſome Time ſince quoted thoſe excellent Lines of the Satyriſt:

To an exact Perfection they have brought
The Action Love, the Paſſion is forgot.

How could you (ſaid he) leave ſuch an Hint ſo coldly? How could *Aſpaſia* and *Sempronia* enter into your Imagination at the ſame Time, and you never declare to us the different Reception you gave 'em? The Figures which the ancient Mythologiſts and Poets put upon Love and Luſt in their Writings are very inſtructive. Love is a beauteous Blind Child, adorn'd with a Quiver and a Bow, which he plays with, and ſhoots around him, without Deſign or Direction; to intimate to us, that the Perſon beloved has no Intention to give us the Anxieties we meet with; but that the Beauties of a worthy Object are like the Charms of a lovely Infant: They cannot but attract your Concern and Fondneſs; tho' the Child ſo regarded, is as inſenſible of the Value you put upon it, as it is that it deſerves your Benevolence. On the other Side, the Sages figur'd Luſt in the Form of a Satyr; of Shape, part human, part beſtial; to ſignify, that the Followers of it proſtitute the Reaſon of a Man to purſue the Appetites of a Beaſt. This Satyr is made to haunt the Paths and Coverts of the Wood-Nymphs and Shepherdeſſes, to lurk on the Banks of Rivulets, and watch the purling Streams, (as the Reſorts of retir'd Virgins) to ſhow, that lawleſs Deſire tends chiefly to prey upon Innocence, and has ſomething ſo unnatural in it, that it hates its own Make, and ſhuns the Object it lov'd, as ſoon as it has made it like it ſelf. Love therefore is a Child that complains and bewails its Inability to help it ſelf, and weeps for Aſſiſtance, without an immediate Reflection or Knowledge of the Food it wants: Luſt, a watchful Thief which ſeizes its Prey, and lays Snares for its own Relief; and its principal Object being Innocence, it never robs, but it murders at the ſame Time. From this Idea of a *Cupid* and a *Satyr*, we may ſettle our Notion of theſe different Deſires, and accordingly rank their Followers. *Aſpaſia* muſt therefore be allow'd to be the firſt of the beauteous Order of Love, whoſe unaffected Freedom, and conſcious Innocence, give her the Attendance of the Graces in all her Actions. That awful Diſtance which we bear towards her in all our Thoughts of her, and that chearful Familiarity with which we approach her, are certain Inſtances of her being the trueſt Object of Love of any of her Sex. In this accompliſh'd Lady, Love is the conſtant Effect, becauſe it is never the Deſign. Yet, tho' her Mien carries much more Invitation than Command, to behold her is an immediate Check to looſe Behaviour; and to love her, is a liberal Education: For, it being the Nature of all Love to create an Imitation of the beloved Perſon in the Lover, a Regard for *Aſpaſia* naturally produces Decency of Manners, and good Conduct of Life, in her Admirers. If therefore the giggling *Leucippe* could but ſee her Train of Fops aſſembled, and *Aſpaſia* move by 'em, ſhe would be mortified at the Veneration with which ſhe is beheld, ev'n by *Leucippe*'s own unthinking Equipage, whoſe Paſſions have long taken Leave of their Underſtandings. But as Charity is eſteem'd a Conjunction of the good Qualities neceſſary to a virtuous Man, ſo Love is the happy Compoſition of all the Accompliſhments that make a Fine Gentleman. The Motive of a Man's Life is ſeen in all his Actions; and ſuch as have the beauteous Boy for their Inſpirer, have a Simplicity of Behaviour, and a certain Evenneſs of Deſire, which burns like the Lamp of Life in their Boſoms; while they who are inſtigated by the Satyr, are ever tortur'd by Jealouſies of the Object of their Wiſhes; often deſire what they ſcorn, and as often conſciouſly and knowingly embrace where they are mutually indifferent. *Florio*, the generous Husband; and *Limberham*, the kind Keeper, are noted Examples of the different Effects which theſe Deſires produce in the Mind. *Amanda*, who is the Wife of *Florio*, lives in the continual Enjoyment of new Inſtances of her Husband's Friendſhip, and ſees it the End of all his Ambition to make her Life one Series of Satisfaction; and *Amanda*'s Reliſh of the Goods of Life is all that makes 'em pleaſing to *Florio*: They behave themſelves to each other when preſent with a certain apparent Benevolence, which gives a Pleaſure above Rapture; and they think of each other in Abſence with a Confidence unknown to the higheſt Friendſhip: Their Satisfactions are doubled, their Sorrows leſſen'd by Participation. On the other Hand, *Corinna*, who is the Miſtreſs of *Limberham*, lives in conſtant Torment: Her Equipage is, an old Woman, who was what *Corinna* is now; an antiquated Footman, who was Pimp to *Limberham*'s Father; a Chamber-Maid, who is *Limberham*'s Wench by Fits, out of a Principle of Politicks to make her jealous and watchful of *Corinna*. Under this

this Guard, and in this Converſation, *Corinna* lives in State: The Furniture of her Habitation, and her own gorgeous Dreſs, make her the Envy of all the ſtrolling Ladies in Town; but *Corinna* knows ſhe her ſelf is but Part of *Limberham*'s Houſhold-ſtuff, and is as capable of being diſpos'd of elſewhere, as any other Moveable. But while her Keeper is perſwaded by his Spies, that no Enemy has been within his Doors ſince his laſt Viſit, no *Perſian* Prince was ever ſo magnificently bountiful: A kind Look or falling Tear is worth a Piece of Brockade, a Sigh is a Jewel, and a Smile a Cupboard of Plate. All this is ſhar'd between *Corinna* and her Guard in his Abſence. With this great Oeconomy and Induſtry does the unhappy *Limberham* purchaſe the conſtant Tortures of Jealouſy, the Favour of ſpending his Eſtate, and the Opportunity of enriching one by whom he knows he is hated and deſpis'd. Theſe are the ordinary and common Evils which attend Keepers, and *Corinna* is a Wench but of the common Size of Wickedneſs. Were you to know what paſſes under the Roof where the fair *Meſſalina* reigns with her humble Adorer! *Meſſalina* is the profeſs'd Miſtreſs of Mankind; ſhe has left the Bed of her Husband and her beauteous Offspring, to give a Looſe to Want of Shame and Fulneſs of Deſire. Wretched *Nocturnus*, her feeble Keeper! How the poor Creauture fribles in his Gate, and skuttles from Place to Place to diſpatch his neceſſary Affairs in painful Day-light, that he may return to the conſtant Twilight preſerv'd in that Scene of Wantonneſs, *Meſſalina*'s Bed-chamber. How does he, while he is abſent from thence, conſider in his Imagination the Breadth of his Porter's Shoulders, the ſpruce Nightcap of his Valet, the ready Attendance of his Butler! Any of all whom he knows ſhe admits, and profeſſes to approve of. This, alas! is the Gallantry; this the Freedom of our Fine Gentlemen: For this they preſerve their Liberty, and keep clear of that Bugbear, Marriage. But he does not underſtand either Vice or Virtue, who will not allow, that Life without the Rules of Morality is a wayward uneaſy Being, with Snatches only of Pleaſure; but under the Regulation of Virtue, a reaſonable and uniform Habit of Enjoyment, I have ſeen in a Play of old *Haywood*'s a Speech at the End of an Act which touch'd this Point with much Spirit. He makes a married Man in the Play, upon ſome endearing Occaſion, look at his Spouſe with an Air of Fondneſs, and fall into the following Reflection on his Condition:

Oh Marriage! Happieſt, eaſieſt, ſafeſt State;
Let Debauchees and Drunkards ſcorn thy Rights,
Who in their nauſeous Draughts and Luſts prophane
Both thee and Heav'n by whom thou wer't ordain'd.
How can the Savage call it Loſs of Freedom,
Thus to converſe with, thus to gaze at
A faithful, beauteous Friend?
Bluſh not, my fair One, that thy Love applauds thee,
Nor be it painful to my wedded Wife,
That my full Heart o'reflows in Praiſe of thee.
Thou art by Law, by Intereſt, Paſſion, mine:
Paſſion and Reaſon join in Love of thee.
Thus, through a World of Calumny and Fraud,
We paſs both unreproach'd, both undeceiv'd;
While in each other's Intereſt and Happineſs,
We without Art all Faculties employ,
And all our Senſes without Guilt enjoy.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, Auguſt 1.

Letters from the *Hague* of the 6th Inſtant, *N. S.* ſay, That there daily arrive at our Camp Deſerters in conſiderable Numbers; and that ſeveral of the Enemy conceal'd themſelves in the Town of *Tournay* when the Garriſon march'd into the Citadel; after which they preſented themſelves to the Duke of *Marlborough*; and that ſome of them were Commiſſion'd Officers. The Earl of *Albemarle* is appointed Governor of the Town. Soon after the Surrender, there aroſe a Diſpute about a conſiderable Work, which was aſſerted by the Allies to be Part of the Town, and by the *French* to belong to the Citadel. It is ſaid, Monſieur *de Surville* was ſo ingenuous as to declare, he thought it to be comprehended within the Limits of the Town; but Monſieur *de Meſgrigny*, Governor of the Citadel, was of a contrary Opinion. It is reported, That this Affair occaſion'd great Difficulties, which ended in a Capitulation for the Citadel it ſelf; the principal Article of which is, That it ſhall be ſurrender'd on the 5th of *September* next, in caſe they are not in the mean time reliev'd. This Circumſtance gives Foundation to believe, that the Enemy have acted in this Manner, rather from ſome Hopes they conceive of a Treaty of Peace before that Time, than any Expectation from their Army, which has retir'd towards their former Works between *Lens* and *La Baſſee*. Theſe Advices add, That his Excellency the Czariſh Ambaſſador has communicated to the States General, and the Foreign Miniſters reſiding at the *Hague*, a Copy of a Letter from his Maſter's Camp, which gives an Account of the entire Defeat of the *Swediſh* Army. They further ſay, That Count *Piper* is taken Priſoner, and that it is doubted whether the King of *Sweden* himſelf was not kill'd in the Action. We hear from *Savoy*, That Count *Thaun* having amus'd the Enemy by a March as far as the *Tarantaiſe*, had ſuddenly repaſs'd Mount *Cenis*, and mov'd towards *Briancon*. This unexpected Diſpoſition is apprehended by the Enemy as a Piece of the Duke of *Savoy*'s Dexterity; and the *French* adding this Circumſtance to that of the Confederate Squadron's lying before *Toulon*, convince themſelves, that his Royal Highneſs has his Thoughts upon the Execution of ſome great Deſign in thoſe Parts.

Advertiſements.

ALL fair Merchants trading in Wine to Portugal, Spain, and the Levant, are deſired to meet Mr. C. Robertſon this Day, at the Union-Coffee-houſe in Cornhill, at Eleven of the Clock in the Forenoon preciſely, to concert proper Meaſures for humbly addreſſing for the more effectual reſtraining the Importation of French Wines from Holland, which will give Encouragement to the Woollen Manufacture and Artificers of this Kingdom, as the Act of Parliament directs and provides in that Caſe. Note, this is the laſt Time of Meeting; therefore pray fail not of appearing.

A Tile-Kiln at Kilborne near Paddington in Middleſex, being to be remov'd, the Materials thereof, conſiſting of a conſiderable Quantity of Timber, Bricks, Tiles, &c. is to be ſold at a very reaſonable Rate. Enquire of Thomas Birchall, Scrivner, in Budge-Row near Dowgate, London.

*** **The Moſt Noble Volatile Smelling-Bottle in the World**; which ſmell'd to, Momentarily fetches the moſt diſmal Faintings, or Swooning Fits, and in a Minute removes Fluſhings, Vapours, Dulneſs, Head-Ach, Megrims, &c. It takes off all Heavy Sleepineſs, retards Swoonings, keeps up the Spirits to a Miracle; and by its Uſe admits of no Faintings, but invigorates and enlivens the whole Man, recreates and makes chearful although never ſo ſad, and in a Moment raiſes all the ſenſitive Faculties. It's alſo to be taken inwardly by Drops, which effectually takes off and eradicates the very Cauſe; for it potently relieves, comforts, and ſtrengthens the Brain, creates and corroborates a Stomach, removes Sickneſs from it, helps Digeſtion, cleanſes the Blood; and in a Word, is the greateſt Cephalick, Stomatick, Hepatick, and powerful Aromatick poſſible; therefore is extream neceſſary for all Gentlemen, Ladies, &c. always to be carried in their Pockets. Is only ſold at Mr. King's, Picture-ſhop, in the Poultry, and at Mr. Overton's, at the Golden Buck, Picture-ſhop, againſt St. Dunſtan's Church in Fleet-ſtreet, at 2 s. and 6. d. each, with printed Directions.

The only True Purging Eſſential Salt of Scurvy-Graſs, the pleaſanteſt Phyſick in the World, which effectually eradicates that reigning Diſeaſe: It purges gently by Stool, never vomits, but works pleaſant, free, and eaſie, without Sickneſs, or almoſt any Diſorder: It cools and refreſhes Nature, cleanſes the Body and Blood of all Filth, corroborates both, invigorates the Spirits, reſtores loſt Stomachs, carries off the Remains of bad Wines, and is immediately neceſſary on all Occaſions that require Purging: It's needleſs to ſay, it cures the Scurvy, Gout, Rheumatiſm, Dropſie, Jaundice, Green-ſickneſs, Hypocondriac Melancholy, &c. for it opens all Obſtructions of the Liver, Spleen, and Gall, powerfully reſiſts Putrefaction, is Diuretick, helps Digeſtion, kills Worms, and brings them away both in Children and adult Perſons. Is only Sold by Mr. Harriſon, at a Wax Chandler's at the White-Hart in the Poultry; and at Mrs. Cole's, at the Dial and Two Crowns, Toy-ſhop, againſt St. Dunſtan's Church, Fleet-ſtreet; at 1 s. an Ounce, ſeal'd up with printed Directions.